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THE
PLURALIST,
A
POEM;

OR, THE
POOR CURATE'S APPEAL
TO ALL

Reasonable and well-disposed Christians, wheresoever
dispersed, throughout his MAJESTY'S Dominions,
or elsewhere.

By PHILOLETHES.

Præcipe lugubres cantus, Melpomene!

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Sold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-mall; J. ALMON, Piccadilly; M. HINGESTON,
Temple-Bar; G. KEARSLEY, Ludgate Street; S. CROWDER, Pater-noster
Row; and T. FLETCHER & F. HODSON, in Cambridge.

M.DCC.LXIX.

THE
PUBLIC

OF
THE
POOR CURATES APPEAL

By the Rev. J. H. ...
of the ...

...

...



T H E
P L U R A L I S T,
A P O E M.

INSPIRE, *Melpomene*, my tragic Song ;
For unto Thee all mournful Strains belong.
Full well I weet with Grief thou art oppress'd,
Like that which labours in thy Vot'ry's Breast :
Yet flag not ; but my painful Steps attend,
And guide me safely to this Journey's End.
Thine Aid is grateful, while I now relate
The dire Disorder of th'*Ecclesiæ* State.

B

With

With heavy Heart, the *Pluralist* I sing :—
 Can there, O Heavens ! be such a worthless Thing ?
 Alas ! if sad Experience did not shew it,
 No Christian Reader cou'd believe the Poet.
 'Tis his'd,—fie, fie ! from Statesmen to the Clown,
 What common Traffic tarnishes the Gown.
 Your Pardon, Rev'rend Sirs ! I mean no Ill ;
 For I myself am Brother of the Quill.
 But a Relation ye disdain to see,
 Who is related—in a low Degree.
 Yet wou'd I not a *Pluralist* commence,
 For all your * dear-bought Churches, or your Pence :
 For what are Churches in themselves, abus'd ?
 Or what are Pence if profligately us'd ?

* Dear-bought indeed !—The Practice of *Simony* is so very notorious, and so execrable in the Sight of God, that truly it is too weighty a Consideration to be only ridicul'd, or treated with an Air of Gevity. It demands the most serious Attention of the Bishops of England. Certainly they ought (in their respective Diocesess) thoroughly to search into, and neglect no Means possible of abolishing so shocking a Custom, which has taken such deep Root. Let any Christian read the Oath, in the 40th Canon of our Church, which is so frequently and calmly taken upon the blessed Book of God, the Bible, by many of our smooth-beneficed Clergy, perhaps a few Days after a *sure Bargain*, and say if it does not make the Hair stand upright ?"—*Perjury !—Astonishment !—O Tempora ! O Mores !—*
 —O ye poor Brother-Curates ! let us thank Providence for our humble State ; and let us pray that we may be enabled faithfully to discharge our spiritual Duties, howsoever small may be our temporal Gains.—From all such Methods of attaining to Preferment "*Good Lord deliver us !*"

Those

Those but Assemblies for the Vain and Evil,
These pave the Way to † *Chartres*, and the Devil.

A *Pluralist* (how awful is the Name !
 Ah, dear Profession, sold to public Shame !)
 Will purchase good fat Livings out of Hand,
 Smoothly as *Varus* will your House or Land.
 So graceless Jobbers hoard the golden Grain,
 And *Pluto's* pleas'd, while Poverty's in Pain ;
 Will in their Bargains tell ten thousand Lies,
 Deaf to poor Widows, or to Orphans' Cries.
 By such a base monopolizing Trade
 Of Benefits in sweet Conjunction laid,
 Poor Curates truckle for a Crust of Bread,
 And dull Religion droops her sick'ning Head.

B 2

But

† This Gentleman was worth no less than the annual Sum of seven thousand Pounds in real Estate, and about one hundred thousand Pounds in ready Cash. He was notorious for the Practice of every Kind of Vice; *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy* excepted: And the only Reason that can be assigned for this Deficiency in the Service of *his Master* is this, viz. that his insatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the one, and his matchless *Impudence* from the other.—He died in Scotland in the Year 1731, about 62 Years of Age. The Populace at his Funeral were with Difficulty prevented from tearing the Body out of the Coffin; and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it. The latter Part of his Epitaph, wrote by Dr. *Arbutnot*, is excellent.—“ O indignant Reader ! think not his Life useless to Mankind ! *Providence* connived at his execrable Designs ; to give to After-ages a conspicuous Proof and Example of how small Estimation is *exorbitant Wealth* in the Sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most *unworthy of all mortals*.”

But hark ! some sleek Divine, brim-full of Grace,
 With his dear taper'd Pipe, and scarlet Face,
 Lolling in Elbow-Chair, with Eye askance,
 Will gravely tell you, this is all Romance.

“ A worthy *Friend* (says he) my Living bought ;

“ Indeed it cost not *Me* a single Groat ;

“ Thank God ! my Conscience is entirely clear ;

“ An honest Heart disdains all idle Fear.”——

But, Sophist, what does *indirectly* mean,

That in your Canon knocks down ev'ry Screen ?

Drops not this Living from your sacred Purse,

Ad Sensum, or for better or for worse ?

Under the Rose you act this double Part,

Cheat your dull Conscience, and betray your Heart.

With Mind intrepid thus all Risques you run,

To make your Fortune, “ *certain as a Gun.*”

Hear *Didius* (with consummate Confidence,

Wifely haranguing in his own Defence,

Deep in the Mud, as t' other's in the Mire,)

Cry out in Rapture, —— “ Bless my Lord and 'Squire !

“ His *Grace's* Bounty from my Heart I bless,

“ For the *snug Rectory* that I here possess ;

“ Con-

" Condition'd well; I calculate it clear,
 " With Surplus-Fees, — two hundred Pounds a Year :
 " Easy the Duty, sweet the Situation !
 " Where is there a more eligible Station ?
 " Besides the 'Squire — (I hope the Lord will bless him,
 " And all good Christian People still cares him)
 " My other Church did voluntar'ly give;
 " For him I'll pray the longest Day I live;
 " Gratitude bids, that Principle so dear,
 " Sway'd by the Charms of seven Score Pounds a Year :
 " I mean, when justly each Deduction's made,
 " Taxes collected, and my Curate's paid,
 " Who reaps full FORTY POUNDS*, — indeed too much!"
 What, Perquisites and all? " Yes, such and such."
 Thus generous Deeds pursue a generous Will,
 And faithful Nature will be Nature still :
 Strike off ten Pounds †, Good Sir ! " With all my Heart! ---
 " *Satis superstit* for a Curate's Part.
 " This small Subtraction will augment my Store,
 " Bear just another Glas, and *nine Corns more*. —

* Shaking his Head very pitiably.

† Strike off Ten Pounds, &c.] This is affirmed to be a *real Fact* : — " Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in Askelon;" left our Enemies, and the Sons of Belial rejoice.

" Nor must my darling *Prebend* be forgot,
 " Whether you lend a patient Ear or not :
 " This comes in snugly, and with so much Ease,
 " As any Rector in the World might please :
 " An Hundred neat ; without Attendance sure ;
 " Almost as good as any *Sine-Cure*. —
 " Thus are my Gains identically stated,
 " And sweet *Astræa* has the Truth related :
 " And that I still adhere to *British* Laws,
 " Unerring Conscience fair Conclusion draws."

Ah, Doctor! is it thus your Arts you fence ;
 And gravely plead against the public Sense?
 To spin such Cobwebs you in vain assay ;
 Th' indignant MUSE shall sweep them all away.
 Nor think her Satyr out of Time or Place ;
 She would not spare a Monarch — in Disgrace.
 Tho' blunt her Numbers, who can take Offence,
 When true Description's substitute to Sense? —
 Say then, *Melpomene*, for thou canst tell,
 Does this said sapient Doctor deign to dwell
 On both his Benefices' fruitful soil,
 And fight the Battle where he claims the Spoil?

" Hum ---

" Hum — fight the Battle" — What, not once a Year?
 " *Unerring Conscience*, Sir, must — *must* be clear."
 Say, are his Churches within Cannon-distance?
 " Pray, Sir, excuse" — O for one single Instance
 Of Rector, or vain Vicar-Pluralist,
 Who wou'd not sooner *take a Round at Whist*,
 Than creep reluctant to discharge his Duty,
 Of each Profession both the Strength and Beauty;
 Than act in Concord with *canonic Rules*!
 These he resigns to *curatizing Tools*.
 For when he's gain'd the Top of his Preferment,
Et ergo, fit for nothing but Interment,
 He'll hire, out of a Corner of his Pelf,
 Some *shabby Curate*, — if you please, — Myself,
 Who all the slavish Drugery must bear
 Of needless Preaching, and dull Common-Pray'r §.

§ The Author is here far from insinuating that preaching the true Gospel of Jesus Christ is unnecessary, and of no Use, — much farther from degrading the excellent Liturgy of the Church of England. The whole Book of Common-Prayer, which is indisputably (next to the Bible) the most truly valuable Composition upon Earth, cannot be esteemed at too high a Rate: — Pity it should ever be abused! — This Line then, — "*Of needless Preaching, and dull Common-Pray'r*," is *ironically* levelled both against those Gentry, who are above performing the Duties, to which they were solemnly ordained; and against such as (through Prejudice, or Ignorance) prefer a wild, enthusiastic, nonsensical Rant, to a grave, regular, and unexceptionable Method of serving a wise and an adorable God.

While

While Mr. *Easy*, betwixt drunk and sober,
 Enjoys his *waxen Tube*, and best *October*;
 Sweet Fruits! that ripen from another's Pains:
 What can you deem them — but *ill-gotten Gains*?
 Tell me, were Churches for this Purpose founded?
 Or should the Gospel to scrape Wealth be founded?
 What, did your Lord, or his Disciples make
 A Trade of Preaching for the Lucre's sake?
 Or to proclaim glad Tidings of Salvation
 To such as felt an Inclination
 To vindicate the Gospel's wholesome Laws,
 And zealously assert their Master's Cause?
 Who said (I own it, for I scorn a Liar)
 “*The Labourer is worthy of his Hire*;
 A Doctrine which we Parsons all admire.
 But, O ye Reverends of high Degree!
 Be once explicit betwixt you and me;
 In honest Conscience don't ye judge it meet
 That he who *will not labour, should not eat*?
 Thus did that heav'nly Man of *Tarsus* write,
 Who fought himself a meritorious Fight.
 And thus, with fervent Zeal for Virtue fir'd,
 With hallowed Lips, and honest Heart inspired,

Th'

Th' exulting Bard, th' enraptur'd Genius sung,
 On whose *prophetic* Lips sound Doctrine hung,
 That faithful Ministers, ordain'd to preach,
 With Truth unbias'd should their Scholars teach.—
 If then your Office ye will not fulfil,
 Resign, I pray, to honest Men that will;
 Resign *Pluralities* for heart-felt Ease,
 Resign, and let a single Living please.
 Tread ye the Paths which Saints and Prophets trod,
 Nor longer traffic with the Word of God :
 Learn to despise low despicable Gains,
 And shun whatever Probity disdains.
 Learn to be honest, social, gen'rous, true,
 Keeping your Duty ever in your View.
 For Want of *this*, thick Clouds obscure the Sun*,
 And Folly smiles, while Wisdom is undone ;

D

Ecclesiastic

* *For Want of this, &c.*] — Intimating that the Light of our Profession, viz. that of the established Church, (which, in itself, is as much superior to all others as even the Sun is to the Clouds) is unhappily obscured by such growing Numbers of *ignorant Dissenters*; the Cause of which may be ascribed principally to *Pluralism*, and a neglect of Duty amongst the Clergy. The prevailing Practice, alas! of my Reverend Brethren of a superior Rank bears ample Testimony that this Observation is founded upon solid Truth, and therefore cannot be supposed to proceed either from the mean Suggestions of a frenzical Passion, or false Prejudice. The plain Matter of Fact is, that our dignified Gownsmen, after

Ecclesiastic Order's all inverted,
 And by the Pillars of its Name deserted.
 For want of *this* are Sanctuaries thin,
 And Houses lin'd with Vanity and Sin;
 Teachers are hammer'd from the basest Tools,
Whining Dissenters, Methodists and Fools.
 And yet our *Tip-top* Gentry of the Gown
 Will snarl at all Professions — but their own.
Probatum est, they've special Cause to boast on't,
 For they and *Mammon* wisely make the most on't.
 How often o'er the sparkling Glas they stickle
 To level *Mountain-Predaching, Conventicle,*
With Meetings, d—d Hypocrisies, and Nonsense,
 That gain *Advowson* of the fickle Conscience.
 Not dreaming such infectious Plagues commence
 From their own AVARICE, PRIDE, or INDOLENCE.
 These are the Rocks, may hapless ALBION quit!
 On which Religion, Virtue, *Gownsmen* split.

ter having screwed themselves into good Preferment, either by dint of Money,
 or blind Favour, are in general very indolent; many of them fonder of the *Bottle*
 than the *Book*; others, who actually look upon it as derogatory to their Honour
 to perform that very Duty, in which they have so solemnly engaged themselves;
 and very few who allow their Curates a reasonable Competency for a regular
 and constant Attendance in a single Church and Parish, without making it
 scandalously tenable with another.

Behold

Behold *Avarus*! whose exalted Sense
 Of fancied Pleasure gingles in his Pence.
 Behold him gaping after golden Views!
 Mark how he hunts, and reaches, plods, and screws!
 Thro' faithful Friendship to his darling Pelf,
 An arrant Cheat to others — and himself.
 Where baneful Av'rice haunts the restless Soul,
 Self-love, not social, can its Force controul.
 Vile Weed! where'er it strikes its pois'nous Root,
 It chokes the budding of the fairest Fruit:
 But when 'tis planted in the *Parson's* Plan,
 Present a Scene that's blacker if you can.
 This yellow Slave, bewitching, senseless Clod,
 Usurps the Name and Dignity of God.
 What! *Flamen*, bend the idolizing Knee?
 O Height of Madness, foul Impiety!
 Distinguish'd only by a Thread-bare Coat,
 He'd kiss your Slipper for a single Groat.
 To raise the Mass his constant Care employs;
 But grasps the Shadow that he ne'er enjoys:
 Hoards up his *rascal Hundreds* by the Year,
 Yet creeps on slowly in his own dull Sphere. —
 “What, does he ne'er unfold the sumptuous Board,
 “To entertain the 'Squire, or hail my Lord?”

To cram the Great is but superfluous Cost,
 And all thus spent, magnificently lost.
 He hates all sumptuous Meals ; the Reason's found,
 A sumptuous Meal wou'd rise — to fifty Pound.
 Ideal Horror thus enslaves the Mind,
 By Fancy painted, not by Heav'n design'd.
 " But say, has pale-fac'd Pöverty no Part ? " —
 It never found the Passage to his Heart.
 What human Being of refined Sense,
 Would claim the Merit due to Providence ?
 To help the Needy's *Her* peculiar Care ;
Avarus cries ; " They're welcome — to a Pray'r." —
 Lo ! the poor Cripple shuns his bolted Gate ;
 The rueful Object of his constant Hate ;
 On whom he scornful casts a side-long Eye,
 And, with his Brother Levite*, "*passes by.*" —
 His hard-drove Tenants whisper round the Hall,
 " The Pitcher's broken, and the Beer's too small."
 One scrapes, with — " Pray, Sir" — What's the Matter now ?
 " I've lost poor *Dobbin*, and my best milch'd Cow :

* Alluding to the Parable, in which is introduced a Priest and a Levite, mentioned in the 10th Chap. of St. Luke.

" Misfortunes harass, and Provisions dear;
 " For God's sake low'r my Rent another Year."
 Just as a second pleads for House-Repair,
 He bursts aloud, "*You'd make a P——n swear*;
 " Leave me, begone; out, out! I'll hear no more:"
 Thus he gets rid, and storming claps the Door. —
 " Pray, stands his Curate in no better Grace?"
 He hires him cheap, and never sees his Face †.
 One Flock he feeds; *Avarus* grasps the Fleece,
 Who clips another bleating for Release:
 Both richly clad; — " and both *Avarus'* Right?" —
 In spite of Law; in feeble Conscience' Spite. —

† *He hires him cheap, &c.*] — How greatly is it to be wished that there were not so many instances to verify the Satyr of this Line! — After a lucky Rector (a mere Vassal in all Probability to some great Man) has possessed himself of a second Benefice, his next Step is to barter it with some easy Curate, for as *cheap* a Bargain as he can possibly make; points out to him his Place of Residence, and perhaps never troubles his Head either with *Curate* or *Parishioners* for 7 Years after; (which by the bye is acting in direct Opposition to the 41st Canon) taking especial Care however to have due *Remittances* made twice a Year. After this (to procure an Abatement) he takes the first Opportunity to colloque with a Brother Pluralist, the Possessor of any adjacent Living, in Order to unite the Duty of both Parishes. Poor Mr. *Trudgit*, (*viz.* the Curate) compelled by real Necessity, swallows the poisonous Bait: And thus two Flocks (as is frequent in Contracts of similar Nature, *si magna parvis componere licet*,) are committed to the Care of a single Shepherd, and he an *Hireling*: the fatal Consequence of which is, a *general Rot* among the Sheep: many of which run astray on *fruitless and barren Heaths*, and Numbers perish. — What can we reasonably expect but *Heresy and Schism*?

E

" What

“What Distance?” — Pish! that’s neither here nor there;
 In *Cornwall* this; the other — *Lord knows where*.
 Who digs for *Treasure* plays the noblest Part;
Here lies the Loadstone that attracts the Heart.
 Curate, Disciples, Tenants, Rich, and Poor,
 Weigh light as Chaff against the Banks of *Ore*.
 So strongly does the Pow’r of Wealth controul,
 He’ll save a *Shilling*, if he saves no *Soul*. —
 Thus lives this deep Divine; thus hopes to die;
 And squeeze to Heaven, “thro’ a *Needle’s Eye*.”

See spruce *Nugoso*, that pedantic Beau!
 All Flash and Folly, Butterfly and shew!
 That wanton flutters in *St. James’s* Air,
 And spreads his Plumes to make the Vulgar stare:
 Whose signal Honour stamps the fairest Mark,
 At Play-House, Op’ra, Ball, or in the Park.
 “Why there?” — There he displays such pretty Things,
 As sound the Praise of Priests, Lords, Dukes, or K--gs;
 “What, what are these?” — *Lawns, Silks, Prunellos, Rings.*
 These grace fair Virtue in her loftiest State,
 Or Virtue mimic in the graceless Pate.

What

What Nature to *Nugoso* has denied,
 Fortune and these have bounteously supplied.
 For, working Wonders at the Soul's Expence,
 They fill the mighty Void of Worth and Sense.
 Full flush'd with these, his Gates wide open stand
 To welcome Visitants, a famous Band
 Of Fops and Fribbles, — Lord knows who beside,
 Toss'd up in all the Emptiness of Pride.
 With well-taught Steps they scrape the Marble Floor;
 Rich in Politeness, tho' in Learning poor.
 Not ungenteelly train'd in mopish Books,
 But skill'd in Airs, Congees, and simpering Looks.
 Compliments pass'd (" pray, Gentlemen, sit down,
 " I'm proud to see you, — *Jack!* here take my Gown;
 " I hope all's well at Home; and what's the News?"
 With such like Stuff, as babbling Blockheads use)
 The Clock strikes Three; quick swells the lavish Board
 With all that Æther, Earth, or Sea afford;
 And (strange to tell!) with well-diffembled Face
 The mantling Coxcomb lisps *unmeaning* Grace.
 From Dish to Dish his sparkling Eye-balls roll,
 And all the *Harpy* rises in his Soul.
 Slice after Slice he cuts with eager Gust,
 Nor dreams of *Irus* with his hungry Crust.

Each

Each dainty Course the dapper Waiters bring,
 From Soup to Custard, and —“ *Here's Church and King.*”
 See the glad Board with circling Glasses crown'd,
 The sparkling Bottle, and the Bowl profound!
 Toast Toast succeeds (a blest, but short-liv'd Reign!)
 Till all the Body dances in the Brain.
 Stories and Jests alternate kill the Time,
 And Z—ds, to grace them, is allowed no Crime.
 Loud Peals of Laughter fill the ecchoing Hall,
 While Streams of Nonsense trickle from them all. —
 So idly pass the wheeling Hours away,
 Till Night is vanquish'd by the Dawn of Day.
 Now fair *Aurora* paints the East with Red,
 And *Somnus* sooths them on the gilded Bed.
 Yet wakeful Fancy plays the mimic Part,
 And pleasing Visions dance about the Heart;
 Each frantic Scene of Pleasure, Pride, and Whim,
 Smiles in the Face, and shoots thro' ev'ry Limb.
 Till *Sol* darts vertical his fervid Ray,
 And warns *Nugoso*, in the Dumps, — to pray.
 The doleful Bell § now strikes his heavy Ear,
 More dismal far than *Mars'* loud Trump to hear.

§ The Church-Bell.

O how

O how unlike that pleasing silver Sound,
 That calls the Pudding, and makes *Jack* skip round !
 " Tell *Trudgit* † not to wait," *Nugoso* cries ;
 " I'm deeply pre-engag'd ;" — and rubs his Eyes. —
 There let him rub, till Time metes out that Span
 Of Life, that's useless both to God and Man.

Rise, rise, ye various Sects of ev'ry Nation!
 And stem Religion's rapid Devastation.
 Rise, Presbyterian, Papist, Quaker, Whig, or Tory,
 And level ev'ry *Pluralist* before ye.
 Must Virtue still be barter'd out o' Doors,
 And laugh'd at by a Pack o' R-g--s and Wh--es?
 Shall bloated Rectors sit in splendid Ease,
 And idly eat and drink — just what they please,
 While starveling Curates, who take all the Pains,
 Can hardly squeeze out necessary Gains,
 To keep their Bodies and their Souls together,
 Or screen their furrow'd Sides from Wind and Weather ? —
 I burn, I grieve ; but, paint I e'er so strong,
 The flagrant Vice is blacker than my Song.

† His Curate.

F

Nor

Nor is my Satire to itself confin'd,
 But burns as Man shou'd burn for all Mankind*.
 When poor Religion such a Wound endures,
 The Wound is mine, ye Priests! and shou'd be yours.

Let not the Critic cry, "'Tis rankling Spite,
 "That taught your Pen envenom'd thus to write."
 'Tis not th' Effect of disappointed Pride,
 No Darts are shot from Passion misapplied :
 Nor Envy barks, that self-corroding Foe;
 For who wou'd envy *Lucifer* below?
 But arm'd in Virtue's Cause, I point the Pen,
 To brand the Front of sacrilegious Men :
 Who learn to wear (most villainously nice !)
 A Face all Virtue, with a Heart all Vice. —
 Cou'd I but lash with Justice *Mammon's* Slave,
 And scour the gilded Varnish off a Knave;
 Adorn the Wings of the *laborious Bee*,
 Excite the lazy *Drone* to Industry;
 Expose the Villainy the Fool wou'd hide,
 And strip the Fopling of his painted Pride;

* Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

TER.

Make Vice, abash'd, to Virtue prove a Friend;
 The gigling World may censure or commend,
 From *Tom* the Cobler, to the Bishop's See,
 'Tis just the same to Satire, and to Me.
 Truth is my Guardian, decorates my Line,
 And makes the melancholy Muse divine.

O GEORGE! Thou Ruler of the *British* Isle,
 Around whose Throne both Peace and Glory smile;
 Thou fam'd for Wisdom, as for Greatness fam'd,
 And Virtue; (which is Greatness truly nam'd)
 Thou in whose ev'ry Action bear'st a Part
 RELIGION, which exalts thy princely Heart;
 Restrain her growing Ruin's swift Career,
 And nobly fix her in her native Sphere;
 With godlike Rage her Enemies controul,
 And prop that Glory, that inspires thy Soul.
 Let not a Maid so pure, by lawless Arms,
 Be basely ravish'd of such heav'nly Charms;
 A tender Lamb of thy own sacred Fold,
 Let not like common Merchandise be sold:

But

But blast those savage Butchers, that wou'd spill
 Her precious Blood, — and swear they do no ill;
 Strike trembling Terror thro' each guilty Breast,
 Suppress the worthless Proud, and raise th' oppress'd;
 Curb glitt'ring Vice, exalt the humble Bard,
 And meek-ey'd Merit crown with its Reward.
 So shalt thou flourish, “*of the Faith Defender,*”

In spite of Virtue's Traitors, or Pretender:

And when thy Body here dissolved lies,
 Thy Soul triumphant shall ascend the Skies:
 With freshest Laurels thou shalt there be crown'd,
 Where Joys immortal and unmix'd abound;
 While here succeeding Ages bless thy Name,
 Inscrib'd with Honour in the Rolls of Fame.

+ Referring to the *Simonical Oath*.

F I N I S